THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY

" To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
" To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

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Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

The Story of

THE COUNT DE ST. JULIEN.

(In Continuation.)

"MY rendezvous with the Clairville, to which you so strongly prompted me, hath been attended with the most dreadful consequences—we were surprised immediately on our return from the masquerade by D'Avignon, who flew at me with the madness of an assassin.—It was in vain that I attempted every thing in my power to appease his wrath—I was at last necessiated to oppose violence to violence, and in defending my own life, I have but too much cause to apprehend that I have deprived him of his.

"In the hours of horror which I passed since, I have been awakened, as from a dream, to a just sense of myself—I view with despair my youth plunged so early into vice, and stained with another's blood!

"Terrible as my reflections are—they turn with indignation on a parent, who, instead of guiding my steps to virtue, hath trained them in the paths of profligacy; and by his own wretched example deceived his son into ruin.

"By the time that this reaches you, I shall be many leagues from Paris. To fly from myself is impossible, but I will hasten to some distant part of the world, where the fatal errors of my life may be unknown; and strive, with repentant tears, to amend a corrupted heart.

"Unconnected, forlorn, and friendless, my necessities have compelled me in the moment of departure, to deceive your banker into the payment of half the money lodged in his hands.—I can hardly regard this action as criminal, when I consider this little sum as the all I can share of a noble patrimony, squandered away in extravagance, and which, had honour governed your life, I might have inherited—With this I must push my future destiny;—what it may be, is unknown—and will ever remain so to you; as this will probably be the last you will hear of your [illegible] and unhappy

FREDERICK."

Saint Julien, on reading this letter, for the first time felt the *dignity of virtue*.—He almost sunk at the reproaches of a son, of which his own conscience confessed the justice;—and he had the additional misery to reflect, that he was the secret cause of the fatal event which had driven him away for ever from his sight. Though this was a circumstance lodged within his own breast, yet the guilt of it was likely to remain a lasting thorn there. The talk which so unhappy an affair must occasion, a ruined fortune, an exhausted credit, the slights he had been long shewn by man, and his last remaining finances sunk to half by Frederick—were sufficient motives to awaken an idea which he soon after executed, of bidding adieu to Paris. He concerted his plan with a person of considerable rank, who had been much attached to him, and who furnished him with such recommendatory letters to one of the *Electoral* Courts, as procured him, in a short time, a decent post, and the countenance of his new master.

In this situation St. Julien lived near eight years, if not happily, at least as comfortably as could be expected;—his company was pleasing, and all that was known of his story was, that he had, through imprudence, run out out a considerable fortune.—The recollection of past scenes, and the uncertainty he was in about his son, over-shadowed the joy of many an hour; but he exerted all the powers of dissipation to drive away every uneasy remembrance.

It is not an easy task to reclaim a depraved mind! The spirit of intriguing remained still the predominant passion of Saint Julien;—and having by long and varied importunities attempted to seduce the affections of a lady about the Court, whose absent husband was a General Officer in high esteem with the Elector, he was instantly dismissed from his employment, and commanded by his prince, at the peril of his safety, to withdraw from his domains in four and twenty hours.

He collected precipitately the very little property that remained to him, and retired in haste to the Canton of *Fribourg*. He was now surrounded by a distress that would not allow him to shun his own reflections;—they presented a picture truly terrible—pride struggling with poverty, without—and not a source of consolation, within!—He at length determined to address himself to his mother's brother, who was a *Chanoine* of the cathedral church of *Palermo*; whom he had not seen since his youth, and whom he had long ceased to correspond with, on account of his having, more than once, reproved the criminal course of life which he had heard he led at Paris.

Though it was a doubt with him, whether the Chanoine was still living, yet he wrote to him from Fribourg; communicating part of his distress, and his purpose of visiting Palermo, and throwing himself under his protection,—resolving that should his uncle be dead, or refuse to countenance him, he would end his days in some part of *Sicily*, where his misconduct would be unknown.—The port of *Marseille* was the most favourable to his intention; but the question was how to get thither?—His finances were low, and the apprehension of meeting in his passage through *France*, any one who had known him in his prosperity, was painful.—He debated the matter much, and long; and to obviate, the best in his power, every objection, he converted all he had into money, let his beard grow, procured a religious habit, and set forward on his journey on foot; making devotion, for the first time, subservient to his designs.

It chanced that his road lay through Dauphine, and he had the severe mortification to pass over part of the noble domain of his ancestors—a territory once his own—now parted off among various proprietors. This was indeed a scene that penetrated his heart; his strength almost failed him, and he sat down on a bank by the way-side, to recruit his trembling spirits. Memory pictured to him the happy morning of his life, and the thousand little incidents of uncorrupted innocence!—It drew in liveliest colours, the hospitality of a father, who lived the protector of the poor and the injured, nor failed to recal those blameless hours, when, as the youthful successor of his fortunes, he used, with cheerful step to walk forth from the venerable mansion now just before him, to meet the homage of his surrounding tenants!—The reverse was terrible to thought—his mind glanced it over, and shuddered at the view. He detested the world; detested himself; and in sullen sorrow, by long and weary journeying, found at last his way to *Marseille*, where he embarked in a ship that was on the point of sailing for Sicily and Malta.

It was the ill fate of this vessel, after being six days at sea, to be driven by contrary winds, much nearer the coast of *Barbary* than was for its safety, as the regency of *Tunis* was then at war with the French; and a dead calm succeeding the adverse weather, the Captain discovered in the morning a *Tunisian Corsair*, bearing down upon them, which appeared to be too powerful for the little resistance he could oppose to it. A general panic seized every one on board; and the *Count* conceiving that the religious habit he wore, might expose him to additional ill treatment from those barbarous people, or induce them to exact a higher ransom, threw it into the sea, cut his beard close, and procured a dress from one of the common sailors.—In brief, they were boarded, rifled, stripped, carried on shore, examined, and sent to the Bagnio of *Santa Lucia*, which is one of the places where the slaves are usually lodged.

There are adverse hours in some men's lives, that are eventually the most beneficial, by bringing home all their scattered thoughts, and giving them a just idea of themselves! Of such a nature, were those melancholy ones Saint Julien numbered. Though he was not (as no public works were then carrying on) condemned to bodily labour, yet he found himself plundered of every thing, doubtful of redemption, and compelled to subsist for a considerable time on food which was nauseating; till a sailor, who was made captive with him, and the same who had furnished him with a mariner's garment when he cast off the religious one he had assumed, had by means of acquaintance among the slaves, obtained sufficient credit to open a little shop for selling wine to the *Turks*,* and was moved by humanity, as well as veneration, for the Count, (whom he imagined to be really one of a religious order) to take him as an assistant, and let him live as he did himself.

It was some months before Saint Julien knew by what means he could convey notice of his captivity to Palermo; which he was obliged to wait an opportunity of doing, through the channel of Leghorn; as the Sicilians were then at war with Tunis.—And it was by various accidents, near a year and a half from the time of his being made prisoner, before any letter, or his ransom arrived.

It was a tedious interval—a painful uncertainty!—Imagination lengthened every hour as it passed;—and even the distant hope of future liberty, was frequently over-shadowed by the doubt of his Uncle being still alive.

The hardships he endured, the sad society of wretches about him, and the recollection of his former misused prosperity, subdued both his health and spirits. His heart was now convinced that it had been totally warped by the seduction of Wits and Libertines;—and the reflection which tortured him most, was, that he had probably, by his own abandoned principles, involved his son in lasting misery.—He was now sensible that Virtue was a reality, and not a name; and that whoever throws away the shield of religion, becomes, in the moment of adversity, a defenceless existence.—He turned back his eyes on a life of guilt, and determined, that what remained of it, should be consecrated to penitence.

(To be concluded in our next number.)

* This circumstance will appear strange to many readers, who recollect that wine is prohibited by the Coran; but it is well known, that the use of it is authorised, or at least connived at, in those districts where the slaves are stationed.

Extract from

THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS TO HIS SON.

"PLEASURE is the rock which most young people split upon; they launch out with crowded sails in quest of it, but without a compass to direct their course,

or reason sufficient to steer the vessel: for want of which, pain and shame, instead of pleasure, are the returns of their voyage. Do not think that I mean to snarl at pleasure, like a stoic, or to preach against it like a parson; no, I mean to point it out, and recommend it to you like an Epicurean: I wish you a great deal; and my only view is to hinder you from mistaking it.

"The character which most young men first aim at, is, that of a Man of Pleasure; but they generally take it upon trust; and, instead, of consulting their own taste and inclinations, they blindly adopt whatever those, with whom they chiefly converse, are pleased to call by the name of Pleasure; and a *Man of Pleasure*, in the vulgar acceptation of that phrase, means only a beastly drunkard, a lover of lewd women, and a profligate swearer and curser. As it may be of use to you, I am not unwilling, though at the same time ashamed, to own, that the vices of my youth proceeded much more from my silly resolution of being, what I heard called, a Man of Pleasure, than from my own inclinations. I always naturally hated drinking; and yet I have often drank, with disgust at the time, attended by great sickness the next day, only because I then considered drinking as a necessary qualification for a fine gentleman, and a Man of Pleasure.

"The same as to gaming. I did not want money, and consequently had no occasion to play for it; but I thought Play another necessary ingredient in the composition of a Man of Pleasure, and accordingly I plunged into it without desire at first: sacrificed a thousand real pleasures to it; and made myself solidly uneasy by it, for thirty the best years of my life.

"I WAS even absurd enough, for a little while, to swear, by way of adorning and compleating the shining character which I affected; but this folly I soon laid aside, upon finding both the guilt and the indecency of it.

"Thus seduced by fashion, and blindly adopting nominal pleasures, I lost real ones: and my fortune impared, and constitution shattered, are, I must confess, the just punishment of my errors,

"Take warning then by them; chuse your pleasures for yourself, and do not let them be imposed on you. Follow nature, and not fashion: weigh the present enjoyment of your pleasures, against the necessary consequences of them, and then let your own common sense determine your choice.

"Were I to begin the world again, with the experience I now have of it, I would lead a life of real, and not of imaginary pleasure. I would enjoy the pleasures of the table, and of wine; but stop short of the pains inseparably annexed to an excess in either. I would not, at twenty years, be a preaching minister of abstemiousness and sobriety: and I should let other people do as they would, without formally and sententiously rebuking them for it; but I would be most firmly resolved, not to destroy my own faculties and constitution, in complaisance to those who have no regard for their own. I would play to give me pleasure, but not to give me pain: that is, I would play for trifles in mixed companies, to amuse myself, and conform to custom; but I would take care not to venture for sums, which, if I won, I should not be the better for; but, if I lost, should be under a difficulty to pay; and, when paid, would oblige me to retrench in several other articles. Not to mention the quarrels which deep play commonly occasions.

"I would pass some of my time in reading, and the rest in the company of people of sense and learning, and chiefly those above me; and I would frequent the mixed companies of men and women of fashion, which, though often frivolous, yet they unbend and refresh the mind, not uselessly, because they polish and soften the manners.

"These would be my pleasures and amusements, if I were to live the last thirty years over again; they are rational ones; and moreover I will tell you, they are really the fashionable ones; for the others are not, in truth, the pleasures of what I call people of fashion, but of those who call themselves so. Does good company care to have a man reeling drunk among them; or to see another tearing his hair, and blaspheming, for having lost at play more than he is able to pay; or a cripple, by coarse and infamous debauchery? No; those who practise, and much more those who brag of them, make no part of good company; and are most unwillingly, if ever, admitted into it.

A real man of fashion and pleasure observes decency; at least, neither borrows nor affects vices; and if he unfortunately has any, he gratifies them with choice, delicacy, and secrecy.

"I have not mentioned the pleasures of the mind, (which are the solid and permanent ones) because they do not come under the head of what people commonly call pleasures; which they seem to confine to the senses. The pleasure of virtue, of charity, and of learning, is true and lasting pleasures; which I hope you will be well and long acquainted with. Adieu."

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SEDUCTION.

AMONG the many qualifications, mankind in general seem emulous to attain, none afford a more pitiful reflection, than the seduction of a young woman.

I have frequently remarked where beauty and even innocence have shed their unsullied sweets, that few have been able to consummate the nuptial tie with reputation unstained by censure.—Nay, how often do we meet with it in the finest circles—and how shocking is it to see a beautiful young girl, qualified both in sense, person, and every accomplishment

to render the marriage state a state of true felicity, fall from the summit of reputation and respect, a victim to the machinations of an artful paramour. The mountain wolves have their objects of prey separated from their own species, but man preys on the most endearing part of himself.

Beauty, united with engaging manners, carries with it irresistible charms—all are wishing to partake—each jealous of the prize; envy fills the breast of one sex, while animation fires the other.—Exposed thus to ultimated dangers, what power must assist in the regulation of the conduct? Since, on the one hand you are persecuted by the basest insinuations, which rivalship never fails to inspire; while on the other, you are attacked by the most specious artifices, flattering promises, and oh! unhappy thought, the perjury of plighted love. Mankind in general are of so frail a cast, so addicted to change, so biassed by vicissitudes, and their objects of pursuit so transitory and uncertain, that the greatest blessings, when once enjoyed, become matters of mere natural concern, and the most violent passions relax, when once satisfied or gratified. O, ye that tread the paths of chastity! that retain pure and invincible, the sweets of innocence—let not the wiles, the base intrigues of men, rob you of that inestimable prize which constitutes the pleasure and happiness of the connubial state—for if they will be once attained, jealousies creep in, an object of the tenderest, the most endearing affection, in a little time becomes the object of caution and distrust.

Love is like a deep unfathomable sea, on whose transparent glassy face ye skim with pliant oar, till swelling tides call forth, from their impervient beds, the mighty waves, that plunge you eternally in the billowy waste—where no plank to grasp—no sea mark to direct your spreading arms, nor eye to drop one friendly tear, none to afford relief or speak comfort to the expiring victim.

Harriet is one, added to the number of those unfortunate young women, whom beauty has bewildered into the maze of ruin.—Harriet, from her infancy, was esteemed both in person and mind, irresistibly charming.—She had now reached her fourteenth year.

> Tender as the new-born cowslip,
> That bendeth with the morning dew.

Her blooming cheeks mingled with the lily of her skin, the blushes of the rose; mild and unbounded, love dwelt in her eyes, and tender pity in her heart.

> The opening sun
> Had scarcely caressed it with a beam;

Yet her innocence was corrupted as the flower of the field, by the early ravages of the mother's hand.

> O'erflow mine eyes,
> Weep your sad briny drops;
> And thou, fond heart!
> Burst with the swelling thought.

O Harriet! wert thou as pure as in those harmless days, when with thy young compeers, joined hand in hand, you trod the flowery meads, how would your hours have glided on,

> Calm as the fearless bark,
> When the foaming breath of gentle zephyrs
> Fills her extended sails.

But now is thy life like the waters of a brook, embittered with the falling leaves that onward keep a murmuring complaint, till its venerable banks grow weary with its sighs, join their rude heaps in one combining mass, and mingle chaos, with its big swoln sighs—methinks I hear you say:—Then let the turf bound bed of rest silence my care-tired thoughts—out run my glass! fly swift ye transient hours, and oh, thou sovereign care of human woes! come, and whilst thou concealest every worthy flame, conceal my very sin. O spare not the vital stroke, nor punish me with length of days.

ANECDOTE.

While the system of terror prevailed in France, multiplied acts of oppression fell upon the unfortunate victims of suspicion; yet the more rigorously the dungeons were closed against the relatives and friends of the imprisoned, the more ingenious and inventive affection became in finding means of communication.

One of the prisoners in the Luxemburgh had a dog, who, it will be seen in the following recital, gave extraordinary proofs of sagacity, as well as of attachment to his master. Every day the dog watched an opportunity to pass into the interior of the prison, and, entering the chamber of his master, overwhelmed him with caresses. One day in particular his demonstrations of joy were so reiterated, as to become exceedingly troublesome; but the more his master strove to render him quiet, the more importunately the animal persisted in his caresses; he leaped, howled, barked, and bending his head downward, appeared to direct the attention of his master to his collar. Concluding the dog had been wounded by some accident, he then examined him, but finding no kind of hurt upon him, and being teized by his restlessness, he attempted to put him out of the room. The dog, however, escaped from his hands, and displayed the same tokens, till his master took off the collar, when the animal began to bark and to whine, but no longer with a tone of inquietude. Surprised at the manifest change in the manner of the dog, the prisoner directed his attention to the collar and found that it held a letter from his wife, who, constantly repulsed at the door of the prison, had found this means of conveying her sentiments to him. He replied by the same courier. A regular correspondence was now carried on, and every day, at a certain hour, the faithful commissioner of affection passed and repassed with his invisible message.

INDEPENDENCE IS A DREAM.

"No one lives for himself."—St. Paul.

An Independent Man is a glorious object in theory, but in practice an impossi-

bility. Independence is a state as contrary to the laws of nature, as the laws of nations. With regard to the former, look through the whole creation, and you will see how beautifully it is contrived; that every thing alive, or inanimate, shall be linked together in a chain of progressive dependencies. The flower cannot blossom without the assistance of the sun: the heat of the sun is tempered by the shower. The moisture of April prepares the earth for the fragrance of May: the glow of June ripens the fruits of summer, and produces the variegated beauties of the vegetable world!

Take a short view of the animal system. Man teaches the horse to be obedient; the horse, in return, devotes his service to the use of man. The milk of the cow would be painful, were it not relieved by the exertion of human industry, and human industry is rewarded by the produce. The faithful dog loves the master by whom he is fed, the man is indebted to the brute for keeping the wolf from the flock; a new debt of gratitude here begins; and thus you may stretch the line from the ant, on the mole-hill, to the bulky elephant.

Every thing exists by favour, obligation, and the dependency which some affect to treat with scorn. Man, of all others has the reason most potent for admiration of this benevolent system. The most helpless tribe of animals, he is dependent from his birth. Born almost without instinct, he comes into the world a crying feeble creature. Indebted to his mother and his nurse for years that his brains are not dashed out; unable to procure sustenance for an hour, he owes all his boasted faculties to the industry of others. He gleans one idea in this place, a second in another, and all the knowledge of which he is so ridiculously proud, is but one vast loan, for which he has been a dependent on the invention and the ingenuity of other men. He arrives at boyhood: were he then left a free and independent agent, in the name of Heaven, what would become of him? He might run about like a wild cat, or a monkey, and the glory of the creation be degraded to the state of a brute. Nature has ordained dependence as the origin, the final cause of emancipation and freedom.

We now take man in his last and most important state: he has reached the age of one and twenty—what is he then? Without the experience of men double his age, he would be a cork floating on the surface of the troubled ocean; a mere feather, subject to every gust of passion, every puff of caprice! Despondency still preserves him: he depends on a father for instruction, on a friend for advice, on a wife for love, on a child for duty, on the world for every thing! A man abstracted from all these ties is a savage; he is a monster divided from his species, a link hewn off from the long general chain! A social savage is a farce, a jest, a grimace! No man ever was, can, or will be a really *independent* man. The rich must depend upon the poor for labour, the poor on the rich for support; thus the grand machine moves on in sublime simplicity, jarring atoms are composed, and every thing finds its proper level. It is this teaches the parent to watch its little offspring; it is this instructs the pious youth to remunerate parents' kindness when second childhood makes the father again depend for life on the being to whom he has given it.

Remarkable

ANECDOTE OF FILIAL REVERENCE.

THERE were three brothers, who, upon the death of the king, their father, fell out amongst themselves about succession in the kingdom; at last they agreed to stand to the judgment and determination of a neighbouring king, to whom they fully referred the matter. He therefore commanded the dead body of the father to be fetched out of his monument, and ordered that each of them should shoot an arrow at his heart, and he that hit it, or came the nearest to it, should succeed. The elder shot first, and his arrow passed through the throat of his father; the second brother shot his father in the breast, but yet missed the heart. The youngest, detesting this wickedness, "I had rather," said he, "yield all to my brothers, and utterly resign up all my pretensions to the kingdom, than treat the body of my father with such disrespect." This saying of his considered, the king passed sentence, that he alone was worthy of the kingdom, as having given evidence how much he excelled his brothers in virtue, by the piety he had shewed to the dead body of his father.

ANECDOTES OF FASHION.

THE origin of many fashions was in the endeavour to conceal some deformity of the inventor. Patches were invented in England in the reign of Edward the Fourth, by a foreign lady, who in this manner ingeniously covered a wen on her neck. When the Spectator wrote, full-bottomed wigs were invented by a French barber, one Dulliver, for the purpose of concealing an elevation in the shoulder of the Dauphin. Charles the Seventh, of France, introduced long coats to hide his ill made legs. Shoes with very long points, full two feet in length were invented by Henry Plantagenet Duke of Anjou, to conceal a large excrescence on one of his feet. When Francis the First was obliged to wear his hair short, owing to a wound he received in the head, it became a prevailing fashion at court. Fashions have frequently originated in circumstances as silly as the following one.

Isabella, daughter of Philip the Second, and wife to the Archduke Albert, vowed not to change her linen till Ostend was taken; this seige, unluckily for her comfort, lasted three years; and the supposed colour of her linen gave rise to a fashionable colour, called *L'Isabeau*, or, "the Isabella;" a kind of whitish-yellow dingy.

MODE OF DRIVING, &c.

AT PARIS.

Letter from a young Gentleman lately arrived in Paris, to his Aunt in the country.

"DEAR AUNT,

"As soon as I had arrived in Paris, and stepped out of the diligence, I wished to see immediately the most celebrated streets and buildings in this great city. I passed through several of the streets without meeting any accident; but having stopped for a moment before the windows of a *Magazin de Nouveaules*, I felt a violent blow, which threw me in the dirt, and almost at the same moment heard the *garre, garre*—take care—of the driver of the cabriolet which did me this mischief. Before I could get up to speak to this insolent charioteer, he and his cabriolet were at least 400 toises distant. It appears that it is the fashion of the myriads of charioteers who drive their cabriolets through Paris, never to cry *garre, garre*, until they have absolutely run over a passenger. Luckily, however, I suffered no very serious injury by this accident; but before I was well recovered, I saw a young girl, fresh and blooming as the flowers in spring, but who had forgot to put a handkerchief over her neck; had it not been for this giddiness of hers, I should have only seen her face and ankle; but such an ankle as the museum could hardly show. I was examining her as a model to draw from, when another cabriolet, rattling up through the dirty street, covered with mud her face, her gown, her silk stockings, and more than the lawn dress sees. She came over towards me swearing—but in the most fashionable manner—and she gave me a look, which was as much as to say, Sir, you are more gallant than this cabriolet horse. This look quite captivated me; but hardly had I commenced a conversation, when another cabriolet struck against her; she fell against me, and I against a window. The shopkeeper ran out bellowing to me to pay for his broken panes, which, to avoid any altercation, I consented to do.

This affair being so settled, the young lady, in compassion to me, advised me to hire a cabriolet to protect us from the injuries of others. I did so: I was ashamed to tell a *Parisian Belle* that I did not know how to drive; but, after a very short time, I drove against a ladder, upon which was an artist painting a sign post: down fell the artist, the ladder, the paints and brushes; but, at the same time, my cabriolet also was overset. I lay stunned by the fall for a considerable time; the moment I recovered my senses, I inquired for my fair companion; she had escaped unhurt, and had walked off, leaving me speechless in the dirt. To tell you the truth, my dear aunt, the loss of her grieved me more than any part of my misfortunes. Such a face, such an air, and above all, such a form you would not see in the whole department of Jura. I have since met some other strange adventurers, which will give you a good idea of the Parisians. In my next I shall recount them to you with the greatest sincerity; but, in the mean time, I must request you to send me more money very soon. The cloaths I brought with me from the country cannot be worn in Paris. Before I could appear here, I was obliged to get myself shorn *a la Brutus*, and to get a suit of clothes in the Parisian fashion. The coat and waistcoat are so diminutive, and the breeches of such a monstrous size, that you would laugh beyond measure if you saw me in my Parisian dress. Adieu, my dear aunt! I shall tell you of all my adventures, but I beg you will not forget to supply me well with money—I am not now among the innocent and frugal mountaineers of Jura."

WICKEDNESS.

WHAT is the reason that the wicked are almost always more ingenious than the good; that their designs are so deep, their means so judiciously chosen, so well combined; and that the good have so little invention, that they are so poor in ideas and expedients. It is continually asserted that it is difficult to do good, and easy to do evil. Yes, truly, because mankind have such a luke-warm propensity to do good, while the wicked have such perseverance and such activity for mischief. For the same reason, what is commonly called a true friend, is never so useful, as a zealous enemy is prejudicial. The friend is asleep to the interests of his friend, or makes but very feeble exertions in his behalf; the enemy is always on the watch, he meditates, he is vigilant and attentive. The friend suffers himself to be discouraged by obstacles; the enemy is detered by nothing. It is but too certain that hatred sharpens the understanding and the imagination, in the contrivances of revenge; and as for friends, how many of them are and remain the most stupid and awkward creatures in the world. It is a shame for this sentimental age, that friendship, which is so highly extolled, should be almost a cypher in its results, and that hatred, which nobody acknowledges, should be so powerful in its effects. The clearest proof of the corruption of manners is the feebleness of all legitimate sentiments, and the elevation of all vicious ones.

MODERATION.

The most legitimate sentiment may, when carried to excess, become dangerous and culpable, especially in women. A slight deviation from the principles of honor, frequently conducts them to dishonor. They ought strenuously to endeavour to moderate the vivacity of their imagination, and in order to preserve themselves from the illusions by which they might be seduced, to reflect, to meditate incessantly, and to submit all their sentiments to the severe laws of reason, which alone can guide them with safety. Reason will tell them, that, born for dependence, and a life of tranquility and

and retirement, their occupations should be sedentary, their tastes simple; that modesty, meekness, and moderation, are qualities necessary for their happiness, as for their glory. A woman cannot acquire distinction, but by the virtues of a sage, absolute dominion over herself, and the love of justice and of peace. An exalted imagination impels men to heroic actions, and involves women in the most culpable extravagances. Thus the tumultuous passions are in them dangerous and fatal weaknesses, to which they cannot resign themselves without incurring the loss of their principles, their reputation, and their happiness. Women are made to be affectionate, and not impassioned. Let them not complain of their lot. To love only as much as reason permits, is only to renounce errors which produce nothing but sorrow.

LEVITY.

An Irish soldier, who came over with General Moore, being asked if he met with much *hospitality* in Holland—O yes, replied he, I was in the *hospital* almost all the time I was there.

One of the Daily Papers mentions the falling down of an *empty* house, and gravely states, that none of its *inhabitants* were killed.

It was said of a celebrated son of Thespis, now dead, not remarkable for fulfilling his engagements very punctually, either with the manager or the public—that he *promised* well, but turned out a very bad *performer*.

A punning correspondent says—that Mr *Cherry*, and Miss *Mellon*, being retained at Drury Lane Theatre, the managers evidently look to a *fruitful* season.

BON MOT.

A Sir John Brute telling his Lady, a few days since, that the invasion would be attended with surprising effects, she significantly replied—"on *surly husbands*, I hope."

An actress lately performing Lady Anne, in King Richard, repeating the passage, 'Oh! when shall I have *rest?*' was abruptly answered by a wag in the gallery—'Never, till you pay me the *thirty shillings* you owe me."

From a Paper published at Botany Bay.

"My wife's so very bad,' cried Phill,
I fear she'll never hold it,
She *keeps* her *bed*,"—'Mine's worse,' says Will,
'The jade this morning *sold* it."

A Bon Mot from Botany Bay may be considered a novelty, and we extract the following:—An edition of *Bailey's Dictionary* having been some time since put up at an auction, the vendue master observed it was a *New Bailey*.—'I'm glad of that with all my heart,' replied a bidder, 'for most of us have had enough of the *Old one*.'

MAXIMS.

In order to b philosophers, we should not despair at the afflicting discoveries we often make, in acquiring a knowledge of mankind. It is necessary, in order to know them, to triumph over the displeasure they create, as an anatomist triumphs over nature, its organs, and irregularities, that he may acquire skill in his profession.

In great matters, men show themselves as they would wish to appear; in little matters as they are.

Wicked men sometimes do good actions. It is an experiment. They are curious to know whether goodness be followed by those rewards which good people pretend.

Those who refer every thing to opinion resemble certain comedians, who play ill to be applauded when the public taste is bad. An honest actor plays as well as he can, without thinking of the gallery.

FROM THE GREEK.

O BID those golden tresses flow
Unbraided down thy neck of snow,
Nor dare to mar the lovely glow
Thy vermeil cheeks adorning.

What need of art? Those eyes of blue,
Those lips like roses bath'd in dew,
And all the host of charms I view,
Small aid from Art require.

And mark the flowers in yonder vale,
That fling their fragrance to the gale,
And each perfume and scent inhale,
Wooing the gentle zephyr.

How lovelier far those hues so bright
That deck thy form in beauty's light,
That form which haunts from dawn to night
My mind in Fancy's visions.

Thy girdle, Queen of soft desire,
Say—could it wake such pleasing fire;
Such joy, such hope, and love inspire,
As thrill this beating bosom?

Ah no!—thy power were nought to this:
That lip which prompts the glowing kiss,
That voice which whispers future bliss,
Outvie thy girdle's magic.

For these, my blood runs mantling high,
And quick'ning spirits glad mine eye;
For these oft bursts the unbidden sigh,
Oft glows the thought enamoured.

Yet no despondent murmurs rise,
While hope in those love-beaming eyes,
Couch'd in soft slumber, smiling lies,
Each anxious moment cheering.

☞ The office of this publication will be removed during the ensuing week, to No. 389 Broadway.

To Correspondents.

"Dorimont's" Essay is not sufficiently correct, to meet the public eye.

We cannot insert the lines written by a lady to her husband, without a manifest derilection from our duty.

The city Inspector reports the death of 51 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.

MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening, by the rev. Mr Parkinson, Mr Robert Donaldson, of North Carolina, to Miss Mary Baker, of this city.

On the 5th of June last, by the rev. Mr. Abeel, Mr. George S. Hathaway, to Miss Eliza K. Lyon, all of this city.

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

The following Lines were copied from the wainscot of a baliff's lock-up room in Birmingham. The writer unknown.

IN this chill gloom, where Pity never smil'd,
To sooth the woes of Misery's pallid child?
Where the mild balsam of the summer air,
Ne'er came to cool the fever of despair!
Ev'n here a breast once fraught with proud desire,
Once glowing with the flame of freedom's fire;
A being who had thron'd him on delight,
Whose voice contemptuous mock'd misfortune's night;
Who once had shar'd the bliss of life's brief day,
Who welcom'd joy, and dreamt not of dismay:
Here felt the pangs of misery's fierce controul,
And clasp'd the fiend of ruin to the soul.

Whoever thou, sad tenant of this gloom,
Read in these mournful lines a brother's doom;
Basely betray'd—yet he his sighs repress'd,
Nor pour'd the wrongs that rankled in his breast:
Too proud the injuries of his heart to own,
He nurtur'd misery in his stifled groan:
Despair her chill fires from his eye-lids flung,
And silence sat upon his palsied tongue;
Yet once—'twas phrenzy rul'd the fated hour,
Feeling uncheck'd usurp'd her harrowing pow'r;
With all the past to mock his madd'ning thought,
And all the present with destruction fraught;
Ev'n in that hour he nurs'd his bosom's pride,
Curs'd the dark moment of his birth,—and died.

Communicated.

THE OLD MAID'S PETITION.

YE gentle swains, if e'er your hearts have felt
For others' woes, Oh! lend a list'ning ear;
If soft compassion e'er your bosom melt,
Sure kindred sympathy will teach you here.

Oh! when I view in mem'ry's lucid page,
In youthful scenes how jovial pass'd each hour,
Enchanting pleasures of my early age,
When love was all, and I was beauty's flower.

Oh! had the youth whom most my heart approv'd,
But felt what oft my throbbing bosom fir'd;
Oh! had he known how much, how much I lov'd,
A mutual flame must sure his soul inspir'd.

But why in retrospect this bright survey?
Why dwell on scenes which I no more must prove?
Those pleasures and my bloom have felt decay;
I live in secret, and despair of love.

Oh! had the gods revers'd our fate severe,
Freely to range and chuse our fav'rite swain,
I had been bless'd with every pleasure here,
Nor in life's ev'ning ventur'd to complain.

Now wheresoe'er my careless footsteps range,
When vernal suns shall gild the rosy morn,
What sad neglect, Oh! what an horrid change,
From hearty greetings to indignant scorn.

Oft when to church with modest mein I walk,
I hear them say—"There goes an ancient prude,
Whom pride has stiff'ned to an haughty stalk,
Tho' well we recollect when she was rude:

"She takes no note what fashion rules the fair,
Her peaking antique waist so low descends;
And now she's trick'd out in a Sunday air,
With heigth'ning bobs her stature recommends.

"Some pretty cats she keeps, her mind to please,
And one poor lap-dog is ordained to share
Her close confinement, her unwelcome ease,
And take his lodging in her bedside chair."

Oh! who can bear the ridicule, the scorn
Which I endure from such sarcastic tongues?
Ye generous youths consult my state forlorn,
Nobly resolve, and then avenge my wrongs.

Where is the swain who ventures in the field?
All that I prize for him will I forego,
To him alone my beating heart I yield,
With him I'll venture for my weal or woe.

My fav'rite Tabby and tortoise I'd resign,
And snuff-box, frequent soother of my grief;
Myself I'd sacrifice at Hymen's shrine,
Since wedded love alone will bring relief.

But should no youth my frequent sighs attend,
Perhaps some 'lass-lorn bachelor' may hear,
And in compassion prove himself my friend,
To break the galling chain of fate severe.

Ye masculines, who boast a spirit free,
Come pity what a maid forlorn endures;
Pale pensive melancholy waits on me,
Ah! come and bless, and every joy is yours.

Translation of a beautiful Spanish Sonnet.

ON the green margin of the land,
Where Guardalhorce winds his way,
My lady lay:
With golden key sleep's gentle hand,
Had clos'd her eyes so bright.
Her eyes, two suns of light.
And bade his balmy dews
Her rosy cheek suffuse.
The River God in slumber saw her laid.
He rais'd his dripping head,
With weeds o'erspread,
Clad in his wat'ry robes approach'd the maid,
And with cold kiss, like death,
Drank the rich perfume of the maiden's breath.
The maiden felt that icy kiss;
Her suns unclos'd—their flame
Full and unclouded o'er the intruder came,
Amaz'd he felt
His frothy body melt,
And heard the radience on his bosom hiss:
And forc'd in blind confusion to retire,
Leap'd in the water to escape the fire.

THE SWEET NEGLECT.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast:
Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd;
Lady, it is to be presum'd,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all the adulteries of art,
That strike mine eyes, but not mine heart.

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